BICYCLE AGAINST A HORSE

Novel Form of Racing Recently in Great Vogue.

FAIR GIRLS IN THE SPORT

Misses Brice Enjoy Pitting Their Mounts Against Cycles.

"You want to race me? Where's you Wheel? Are you seated? All right, wheels moving, skirts in place? All! Get up, Gypsy. We're off to race with a bicycle

Van now or forever be only a horse!" The apeaker was Mrs. Hiram Cleaver von Krob, the beautiful young matron eques trienne, of New York West End Four Hur dred, whose prowess in all athietic sports makes her as popular with the women as does her beauty with the men. Once, who also was tending a flower table at the Garrielo Fair Mrs. Garrield, smiling through her tears, usked: "Who is that woman She might be colled 'The American Jerse' Lily?" And as the American Lily Mrs Eron has since been known. If Langtry made Long Branch notorious, Mrs. Krot makes it healthful, for she keeps the maiden nstir by Just such little feats as her "race" with a cycle, and she has the American art of combining dignity with other traits, a trick not always fully learned by visiting

Just what was the outcome of the race is not recorded. But the bicycle girldoubtless came out abead and Gypsy is still "only a horse," for this American Lily is kindness of lover itself—as Mrs. Garfield to doubt detected on sight-and is quite capable of "pulling" a horse, if by so doing she could please a girl friend. A very formidable lady horseback racer

of the beyele is Mrs. Beach, the first woman to teach the girls of New York society, or society anywhere, how to ride horseback as a fine art. Mrs. Beach can do a mile in 2:10 without half trying, while the average gurl cyclist does not aspire to a mile in better than three or four minutes, though there are record breakers, of course, that to better. But with the average horse and the average cycle, after it has rolled from

the average cycle, after it has rolled from the city out over several "entary" runs, this great little American horse teacher wins mise times out of ten.

The "American Lilys" riding habit is a very deep blue. In town she wears a blue bodiec habit with hair tied demarrly at the maps of the beck and a tall hat afternoons, and a derby mornings. But in the country she done the most irrepresentable siner front, with white rest as fore as her skin and a tie that sets off the line of chin and neck.

Mrs. Beach wears always a sort of uni-

Mrs. Beach wears always a sort of uniform, the one which she teaches society piris to wear and from which she does not dure to deviate. Long tan gloves, high-needed habit, sing shirt and a tiny bunth of xiolets. This, she says, is full dress indountmer habit, though "white vests are very cool and pretty in summer,"

MISS EUSTIS VISITING.

There is a very famous woman equestrian who tracers upon riding horseback in this cycle craze. "My horse shall not eat off to head," she declares. This is Miss Eustis who is fouring through this country with her younger eisper. She enjoys the racing contests with her young friends whom the come from Europe to see and she is al-ways surrounded by arimiters. Her esques-trian sur heat very dull brown. It is cut on the English pattern of walking length on the Engine pattern of watering length with certain peculiarries of fide seams to accommodate the painnie. She owns starts but for both right and left saddles and she afternates when she rides. Herstyle of ridna neek is a round collar, with button, a round cut bodice like a footman's neek in English families, and a white yest from the hard hard a strand with front, which in Angust is striped with very toy burs of blue, almost invisible. In Paris, where her father's legation is located, she wears in sammer the ruffled shire fronts of the French women.

There are several beautiful horsewomen was have their habits made in different parts of Europe. There is one who gets exquestedness mabits of accurrin well-known Loudon tailor because he uses the royal from linen, and sile gets a very wonderful Scotch habit is Edutargh. This Scotch habit is Edutargh. This Scotch habit is required from the series of the one Mrs. Bradley Martin were in Central Park about her first year in her Scottish specific/box. The skirt is deep, invisible hase. The Jacket is the same, but the lapels, as they turn back, are lined with befinning Gordon plaid, and the vest is There are several beautiful horsewomer with brilliant Gordon plaid, and the vest is on plaidalso. The collar is white, an below is known tiny square of heaviest duck collaratie. This is conformable for early morning riding, and the American woman who ownsame Beeps it for her cross-country gides on wet days, when her trig American habit would be odd and unsympathetic.

PEN SKETCH OF MISS PULLMAN. Miss Pullman, contrary to the belief of the society reporters, does not spend all het

time refusing the titles of Europe. Much of her day is spent in the saddle, for she is a devoted horsewoman. For a while her affection wavered towards the cycle, but when she found that there was a reflection of cycling fun in racing with others on the whitel, she went back to the side-saddle.

which, she went face to the suc-saidle. She may be seen almost any fine day in Angust scampering her house along the country reads that lead from her father's country seat at Long Branch.

And would you know how the looks, this girl who has been gazed upon with approving eyes by queen mothers with thrones to sell! She isn't much of "a fine figure of a country of the seat of t woman," if you would count built, for she ten't tall and she isn't fat, and her prestiness is of "the light, lithe sort," or so it was described once by a London paper. Her horseback dress this month—for of course, horseback dress this mouth—for of course, she varies it from senson to season—is black, with a white front. The gown is of the most clinging sort, and the front is a-pipor vest, which tapers to a point at the whistline, where it lies as smooth as though ruled on the black boddee. Her hair, which is curly, is caught in a great knot at the back of her head, and

the rides a French suddle, scarcely more than a pad upon the buse's black, shiming kin. She wears deep red gloves, large-or her-and loose wristed, and her collar is not—and nose wristed, aim her contains as so tall and sing that her neck has a seculiar swan movement as she sits far nock upon the horse while he stretches himself for the gallop. This is the young woman who has been accused of matching my habit to her horse, or the horse to the abit at times.

abit at times.

There is a Leiter-Curzon equestrian dress, which is fashionable on this side of the waternow. It doesn't differ yery materially rom others in outside details, as all riding towns must be about allies, but it has tafentures. One is a very broad stiff cuff. that short one-buttoned gloves may be so that short obe-diffusioned gaves may owere like a man's driving gloves. This allows a splendid wrist movement, and another feature is a full skirt around the badies which relieves the very plain trying look from the rear of a borse-back rider.

There was a bicycle and horse race, a sal race, above Central Park the other day. ore were no timekeepers and not many estators, but the race was run at good The tacers were a party of women who had run back to the city for a day to obtaindress-sat the costumers for a sammer Shakespearian ball upon a country house have; and, being in town and finding the weather cool, they decided it would be 'larky' to take the old drive our Riverside

RACE IN CENTRAL PARK Some laughingly selected street hansoms and others took horses from the home stables, while not a few, who never go anywhere without their wheels, had cycles on hand. And so the tace came off. The cyclists, as a majority, won, though there was one rider, a beautiful woman in a dall crimson bodice and black skirt, with straw hat and crimson band, who galloped away from the others like Domino in a

sprint race.

Miss Louise McAllister, the daughter of Ward, who is becoming something of a leader now herself, is a famous Newport baccele racer, often testing her wheel with the horseback mounts of her comwith the horseback mounts of her com-panions. This young woman always wheels when riding parties are planned, and, of course, the champion, Miss Fair, wheels alongside her. The Misses Calvin Brice elected to go on horseback recently. It was "to give the horses an airing," they said. Yet it was noticed that they rode swiftly and well, as though used to the saddle, and that they were able to give a hot chass to their brother and Miss Fair, who were doing a deal of confiden-tial taiking as they rode their wheels side by side. The Brice riding habit is deep by side. The Brice riding habit is deep brown, with esca front and white vest, the atmost simplicity being shown in the cut and itt. Both Lydus and Celeste Enstis wear straw sallors for morning

It would be strange were the rides to hounds to be managed in the fall with cycles contesting speed with the horses. But there will have to be a better plan of field before much can be done, unless the trail lies over a besten track. At all the trail lies over a besten track. At all events, new impetus is given to the sport of cycling by this introduction of the society amusement of tratching borse and cycle, and if the neglected horse gets a little exercise and fun out of it and the belle shows an additional rose upon her cheeks, it cannot be voted other than a sircoss of the summer.

HELEN WARD.

Warm Weather Wraps. Now matter how warm the summer may be the summer girl quest have wraps. In these nothing is more popular this season than the cape. One of navy blue serge, piped with white fininel and lined with white satin, has a white collar of the white, emicilished with small gold anchors, and is thus especially suited to seashore service. Another has shoped fronts of white flannel edged with narrow gold tinsel braid. Still another is of red Connennara tweed, pointed in four different corners and edged with white finance, each corner being held down by a large pearl botton. The lining is of red silk.

Brace Up, There. What's the use uv worryin'? What's the use uv keer? Folks that's livin' here?

What's the use uv ketchin'
Sorrers on the wing?
Let 'em go a-flyin'—
Stretch your necks and sing.



Car Is Chartered and Guests Are Invited.

MUSIC IS AN ESSENTIAL

How It Is Done at Philadelphia and at Long Branch.

The hare and the tortoise ran a race. The hare, secure of victory, went to sleep within sight of the goal, while the tortoise, stepping dignifiedly along, reached the goal ahead and won the immortal race. So the city of Philadelphia, replying nothing to the boasts of its competitors, goes proudly along, and scores the best social triumph of the season. It has provided people, young and old, with the best good times they have had within the

memory of the oldest participator.

The story of its triumph is that of the trolley party. And its full carrying out is so perfect and beautiful in every detail that the trolley becomes a thing of pleasure and the trolley party something heavenly in memory.

ONLY A TROLLEY NEEDED. As discoverers cannot keep a thing long to themselves, so Philadelphia has not been able to patent the trolley party. The west shore residents of the Hudson river have patterened after it, and the gay clauging of the trolley bell is heard all across the country wherever a city is happy enough to boast a little trolley run into the suburbs.

Of course the idea of the trolley party

is apparent. A crowd of young people board a car which carries them out into the country, where they have lunchesn, after which they trolley, back, having a whole car to themselves, and taking along their own music, which may be anything from the bando of the Yale boy to the orchestra of many places. But in the trolley idea there are many variations.

At the trolley party which took place

common to all eventog spreads. The fruits are gathered en route, the oaters knowing at which farmhouses to stop and about what can be procured.

Indeed, in his zent to provide a good desert for his feast be was once taken to task for the fruit. Immediately the trolley hatted at a farmhouse, out stepped

GOOD TIMES ON A TROLLEY
and the Maggie Mitchell place, not to mention the Winklow, Philhan, and numerous other fine residences. The idea of the trolley party is said to be all to blame for the construction of the road.

TO PREVENT DAKCING OUT.

One feature of the Goley party, a feature which was infreduced at one of the great lake cities, is the closing of the sides of the car. The trolley cars are entirely open, and in the fun of the trip there might be a dangerous step overboard where there is much moving around. Therefore, in the cars that have their regular study removed for excursion parties there is a triong but almost invisible network of wire strung along each side, like the wiring around a fawn, but stronger. This is twirted with growing vines ying. side, like the wiring around a fawn, but stronger. This is twitted with growing vinearon shallow, narrow bexes placed along the sides, and an arbor is quickly made. The excursionists can see out, but it is hard for others to see in. Bouches of tiger likes, as being foud of rough handling, can loop up trailers of green. Inside a sweet perfume is showered from at mizers of the trip is made, and when the roung people start off it is with a whiff of tweetness that makes them exclaim: "How fragrant is this country air!"

THE TROLLEY MENU.

THE TROLLEY MENU.

There is an enterprising enterer whose "bratches" are found in many towns who makes a specialty now of trolley spreads; just as ne does of horse show suppers in the fall. Trolley spreads are designed for serving aboard the curs and the materials are packed in a trailer, which may be used for a dining car, if so elected. A double deck trolley had one served upstairs recountly.

There is a trolley salad which consists of greenthings chopped and covered with a dressing. The sauce of hunger being liberally supplied with the salad, the dun is always voted a great success, whether it would be counted so were it in a ballroom It would be conflict so were it in a fallroom or not. The ments are small birds like those that are flying aloft, and are supposed by troiloy-party fable to be shot down by the macculine excursionists carrier in the day. Leastwise the diplomatic caterer declares them to have been so procured.

The ices and creatus are served in the The ices and creams are served in the form of trolley wheels. There are elec-tric lights of lemon cream, and fenders, brikes, and even trolleymen. There are frozen in moulds made for the purpose, and are served like the small ice images common to all evening spreads. The fruits



The Birthday Trolley Fete.

along the Hudson the other day a trolley a straw-hatted farmer carrying a basket car was chartered for the occasion. It of gorgeous-hued plants, with the remark: was scheduled to run between regular cars so as not to interfere with traffic, and the start was made at dusk, when few are traveling into the suburbs. It was an

evening party.
One leature of this was that a very expert trolleyman was procured who would bold himself responsible for smooth and successful workings of the car. Then trolley seats were all removed, and in their places were steamer chairs draped with flags, each chair be decorated according to the college colors most liked by the young people. A Harvard girl had her chair nted in Harvard crimson. In the cor ner of the car was a banquet table, for the feast was to be aboard, and, until feast time, a long silk coverlid, weighted down with bouquets, was drawn over the tempting display. Certais ones neted as hostesses and served the feast, for there were no servants along. The rear end of the trolley had a small but select or chestra. concealed by forest boughs, and the trip was merry with songs and music. There was no dancing, but the patter of fool-teps, as the trolley wherled by, told that a college glee was being tapped with plan-

tation step.
THE IDEAL BIRTHDAY. This trolley party had on board a party of wealthy people from the millionaire colony. But it is doubtful if a more enjoyable time was had than at a girl's birthday party, which was celebrated by a trolley ride, to which only girls were in-vited. The young men followed on bi-

cycles, striving to catch the trolley.

The car was hung in front with small electric balls, while a great horseshoe sparkled in the middle under the driver's hand to guide him safely. The young women, it must be confessed, were more interested in the safe race with the young men on wheels than in their interests in the car. However, they were entertained a little by music, and they sang songs to cheer the flagging riders. On the return the cycles were stored in an empty trolley, and all came back, singing in the car to a ad which awaited them at a coun-

If you would know when a trolley party is to pass by you have only to carefully time the trolleys. There is a car strictly on time, then a long wait, then a whizzing and the trolley party goes by. Close after comes the

The proposed trolley line at Long Branch, the line which is making so much trouble with the aristocratic summer cottagers, had its conception, it is declared, in the popularity of the trolley party. The line will connect with Asbury Park, and never an popularity of the trotley party. The line will connect with Asbury Park, and never an hour of the summer afternoon or evening when some party will not be planned for the road. This leads past the old cottage of Gen.

Grant, past Mary Anderson's former home,

liey a straw-batted farmer carrying a basset of georgeomethed planes, with the remarking are the samithal line in my line."

Thought ye young people might like samithal line in my line."

the Herinal num came two sors carrying apples and pears, while the farmer's daughter bore a string of magnificent red banaras and yellow oranges. But all's fair in trolley rides, and the end justifies the

As a means of solid enjoyment the trolley partry is far ahead of other excur-sions on wheels. The private car is hot and dusty in spite of patent dust protect-ors, and the wagonette is no comparison. in condress and smoothness. It is mex-pensive, too, and, what is more, it seems to be adapting itself to all seasons of the year, for there is a little whisper astir of trolley excursions, of ten indes or more during the thursessiving holidays, with a stop at some country tavern over night. So, all in all, Philadelphia has set wheels a-moving which may be the secret of per-petual motion so far as all-the year-round petual motion so enjoyment is concerned. ProAMES BARTON.

Raised Fourteen Orphans.

John Murray, aged 102 years, died at his countain home, near Wymps Gap, Fayette county, Sunday. He was the oldest man in the county, and had, a very interesting his-tory. He was born in Maryland, but came to this State at the coccof the war of 1812, and marched with the American army across Leking Creek. A short time before his death he transferred his property to John Burnham and his disterintally, who had taken care of him and also rode to Bruceton, W. Va., and ordered his coffin, a black wainut casies. Muray never had any children, but raised fourteen orphans, all of whost, attended his fuberal.—Philadelphia Times

A Sensational Play. A dramatist waited on the manager with his new play. "Bear in mind," he said, "that the wife thes of an attack of apoplexy, the husband of cholera, and the lover of a fit of indigestion."
"And is there robody left for the last

"No; but that is not all. I rely on an additional and very effective incident While the spectators are applauding th While the spectators are applanding the author the manager rushes up to the footlights in great perturbation and announces that he has just died through the bursting of a blood vessel "-Exchange.

Fried Cucumbers. Both cucumbers and squash may be fried as a variety in their serving. They should

TITLED WOMEN WHO POSE

A Genuine French Countess and a German Baroness.

BUT IT BARS THEM SOCIALLY

Young Women Models Are Plenty, But Young Men Are Not.

New York, Aug. 3.-Not very long ago while a prominent artist of New York was busy at his easel the knocker rapped three times, and rising he opened the door. "Who is it?" he said, not very pleased at the in terruption. "Do you want a model," was

He looked at her with the rapid glance of the man who knows the meaning of formand color and the value of every feature. Apparently there was nothing to recommend her. The face was not beautiful, the skin and features were coarse, there was no pomegramate on the lips, no rose petal on cheek, nor shell tints in the car. The hair was a dusty, yellow gray, the eyes dull and heavy, the mouth and jaw thick and hard All of this detail, he saw as she passed through the doorway uninvited. 'What are your recommendations?" he

naked her, half sneeringly. "I have a good figure," she answered romptly.
"Are you a professional model?" was

the next query.
"I have never posed at all," she replied,

"I'm a housemaid. I read something in the paper about the lots of money the models made, and I thought I'd like it better than eing out at service."
The artist looked at the young frish

woman a mement, and glancing about the room wondering what to say to her his eyes fell upon his half-clad model sented upon the stand. "Mas B--," he said, "wil

you tell this young woman about the life.
She wants to be a model."

Miss B—, with an easy natural movement, threw the end of her garnet veivet toga across her shoulders and gave the visitor such a lengthy description of the trials hardships, and troubles of a model's life in the studios, that when she advised the artistically inclined housemaid "to go back to making an beds and armbing and waxing floors," the latter concluded that he had better "bear the its she knew time fly to those she knew not of," and took her departure as abrupity as she had come. EASY TO BEGIN.

Young women endowed with beauty or grace find no difficulty in gaining attention and indeed if they make up their minds to enter the lists, a tap at a studio door will frequently end in an engagement, and sometimes young people who have been strictly brought up and who love to and the seas of adventure, apply theog-nito at artist's hauns. Sometimes they failter when they discover what the require-nents of the model are, and return home-wiser if chagrised and assumed of their performance, sometimes they enter the life and continue it "unbekno-enst" to any

one at home.

If young girls are easiest to obtain, young has are the most difficult, as the standard of artistic masculine beauty and symmetry is hard to find remixed. Lately, too, there has been a demand that is almost a fad for old women and men. Often a man or woman can be found, who, like certain all-round actors, is a sort of "general utility man or woman," and who can assume the "flowering elements of are;" but the real old person with the naturally scarred and seamed careworn face gives joy to the and seamed careworn face gives joy to the

The old persons can be dressed and put to any useful occupation such as pecking potatoes or apples, or knitting or playing any role from ancient mariner to shoemaker and weathernous. nd woodenopper. There is no old woman in New York who

nade her living by sewing for many years bit once when in the home of one of her patrons, a young lady sketched her, and the old woman, taking the hint, applied herself with energy to getting engagements, and now supports her young orphoneograndchil-dren comfortably with the aid of her two

ARISTOCRATIC MODELS. uks of life. One of the favorites York is a French countess noted for her beautiful golden hair, very luxuriant and clustering around her head in rich waves and her soft complexion. She has suffered the clings and arrows of fertune, having been by turns actress, writer and sculptor, fin-ally taking up the present mode of livel-hood, and, being so much in demand, she secures a good income. She takes an enormous interest in her work and likes to throw herself into the part. Sometimes she will even scarch everywhere for beau-iful textiles, brocades and velvets, and make the costumes for her character studies. This enthusiasm for her work adds a further touch of zeal to the aritst and pictures touch of zeal to the aritst and pictures in which she fgiures are unusually suc-

Another titled model, who would be greatiy in demand if she would accept promiseuous engagements, is a German baroness, whose title is not a pretense but a reality. Her lustsand ran through his fortune and hers and hearly every model receives is fifty cents an hour, or a



In a Studio.

form of work was attempted, until the note lady had to try posing for the ar-tists. She only allows her head to be drawn or painted, and only sits for lady artists, and, although the men have tried many times to win her for a pole, she still refuses, yet in her limited circle she has had

IT BARS ONE SOCIALLY. No matter what the blood, what the apwarance, what the genius, what the education, a man or woman who lets himself or

cation, a man or woman who lets himself or berself out to arrists as a model is forever barred from crossing the threshold of society. There is nothing improper in the relation of arrist and model, for even in the mid-posings the woman may if she pleares, re-main the statue Galates and never come to life, and ctill less questionable is the midel who takes "character paris;" but never-theless the unconventional situation is not approved by the canons of Mrs. Grundy, or even of her less shockable risters. The en of her less shockable risters. The ery fact that men and women, young or old, clever or ignorant, are all classed out, clever or ignorant, are an emission together as models, settles this, and a model, whether posing for the unde, or draped, or dressed in costume, or decorated in any way, is always a model, belonging to the class that is regarded as the servants of the artists. SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS.

This is, however, not the artist's point of view, but the chart seen through the cial opera glass. The former confiders models too commonplace and too associated with the detail of the studio to command any serious flought or attention. He keeps his list of available models, engages them by the year or week, or, perhaps hirtres to the city early in the season to secure Mirs A, or Miss X, for a certain day every week through the winter, knowing she will give him the outline, or just the hend, or profile, or expression, or thow herself into the part of the mediaeval princess or the houri, or the nymph he has in mind for his coming masterpiece to be shown at spring or fall exhibition.

Perhaps he has been in Europe for the remains the has been in Entrope for in-summer and has brought home some rare bits of tapesary, or carven eak formiture, and destres a siender, fair-hained inaiden to sit with her " "broidery france" and sigh for the absent knight. He may remember a model with a formantic face that posed for a similar picture, and from his friend secure the address and searches for this model on til he finds her. In this way many are sought, and one engagement leads to an other, and those who have acquired a repu-tation need never be without work unless they please.

Of course, classes pay better than individual artists, but more is expected of the model then, and usually two sittings are required, afternoons as well as mornings Many models object to posing for a class-

Posing For a Sketch Class.

dollar and a half a morning Sometimes, indiest, they pose three times a day, gaining twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. Although making one's living as a model is usually determined by accident and without any knowledge of the art of posing, the latter is soon learned. This con-

ing, the latter is soon learned. This consists in an intelligent understanding of the conservation of energy, and how to rest upon and depend upon a certain set of muscles without fatigue, and therefore some models go so far as to grady the system of Delsarte, whose aesthetic gymnastics not only teach one habitual poses of grace, but how to spare and save, and use and replenish hervous force and energy. Some of them grow very fond of the atadio life and gessip and patois of the paintern' guild, and often take a delight and perguild, and often take a delight and per-sonal interest in the pictures they help

FAMILIAR FIGURES.

Models for book illustrators differ a tile in the fact that they have to supply themselves with several fashionable toilettes, including parasols, fans, veils, hats, cloaks, and capes, in short, they must have all the latest paraphernalis. of a "giand dame." Artists who pick up books illustrated by New York artists, imost invariably recognize the model, and variously treated. There is one who frequently appears in the work of many illustrators, red strange to say, they all draw a little bangle that she wears habit-nally on her wrist.

Even to the model who regards his work merely from the financial account.

Even to the model who regards his work merely from the financial standpoint, the life is not always attractory. There-comes a season when there is a general exodus of artists and he is deprived of work. Happy are those who are so well placed as a New York man model who poses in the winter and belongs to the lifesaving station in the summer; and when he teluras to the city every autumn he is ard of muscis and so richly tinted and conzed by play of wind and son and wave hat his services are in demand, and he is a popular figure in artistic circles. What is more, he makes as much money as

MILLICENT ARROWPOINT. TO KEEP FRUIT FRESH. Dry Closets and Cool Cellars Are Bets

ter Than Refrigerators CLASS POSING

A vast deal of fruit is wasted throughout this country because, as a rule, people are ignorant of the best ways of caring for of preserving It. For example, no fruits should ever be

put into ice closets or refrigerators. "Whan nonsense!" some will say, "why everybody does it." True, yet it is nevertheless a pernicions and wasteful custom.
Some of the best housekeepers I know,

after storing ripe or cooked fruits in ice closets year after year and finding them mildewed and spoiled, have changed the errors of their ways and returned to grandma's excellent, thrifty habit of keepng fruits in cool closets, or the storeroom in the cellar.

Why does fruit keep fresher and sounder in well-cured pontries than in ice chests? Because that is nature's way of preserving it. Every ripe fruit that falls to the ground in nature's domain, drops to cool dews, is hidden in the tail, shielding grass or covered by fallen leaves. Try a ripe pear, that has lain on the ground all night, at half past 6 in the morning. No ice-kept fruit begins to compare with its rich, micy freshners. Then, too, when fruit kept for homes in the moist, by temperature of refrigerators is taken out chilled or half frozen, and suddenly exposed to the heat of kitchens of diming rooms in hot weather, decay sets

in with terrible force and rapidity.

No doubt much of the poor digestion prevalent in sammer is directly due to our national habit of eating fruit no longer fresh or wholesome, which has been kept all day or night in refrigerators.

How appearing these remaints of yester-day's fruit look! withcood, decaying. day's fruit look! withered, decaying, mildewing; served up by anxious, pennys saving bousekeepers. You would eave more fruit, besides the family health, by keeping such material in pantries or closets Or better will, siew strawberries, rusp ferries, currants, blackberries, left over after they have once been offered fresh to the family or guests. If nobody cares for them stewed, with sugar, of course, why just strain them and put the Juice into clear jars or bottles.

Fruits are often served in poor condition, either too green or decaying.

Banauns, when green or unripe, should be kept a day or two in a warm, dark place. Then take them out and the mellow, rich flavor will well repay the trouble. They are very nourishing. Try salt with them if they seem influerible; the salt brings out the flavor and assists digestion. Dry your lemon and orange peels under

we in tin pans or platters, and they will then kindle fires splendidly; there is so much oil in the rind.

Pineapples are more often eaten half rips than any other fruit, because so few have ever eaten them where they grow, and knowned how delicious they are when fully

ripe. To test them, try to pull out of the stiff, green leaflets at the top of the fruit. If it comes out easily, the pincapple is ripe; if not, keep it in a cool, dark place until it mellows. People in the trophics are extremely careful to remove every speck of the eyes on the rind, and never car the round, hard core in the middle of the pines apple. A delicious preserve can be made of pineapple stewed with sugar.

